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Title: \*journal fragments\*

Author: Adreus the Sage  
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\*This is a decayed  
journal that has been  
shoved between the bricks  
above a deadman's  
corpse, many passages are  
lost\*

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\*\*\*\*\* ...but I was  
young, I didn't know any  
better. \*\*\*\*\*  
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How could I have known?  
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This so called 'host' is  
hungry, this is all my  
fault.

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It would take someone  
stronger than I...

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I should ask for help,  
probably from the King,  
but it would only highlight  
my own incompetence. I  
should handle this myself.

For the sake of  
posterity, should anyone  
find this book...

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When I was a young man,  
I said the word at the  
magical brazier just inside  
Deceit, upon the Isle of  
snow.

Never did I imagine such  
a thing would be released

from it!

This thing... calls itself  
"The Host" as if it is his  
world, and we are his  
guests... and his dinner.  
The Host is ravenous, It's  
hunger is never filled...

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Kill it's shell, and it  
simply returns to the  
Brazier, waiting to be  
released again. The cycle  
returns.

I have killed so many  
trying to end this being,  
were they still  
themselves? Trapped in  
their own bodies while the  
host played their bodies  
like puppets? No, I cannot  
think that way, they are  
gone, they were dead  
already.

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I found him again, this  
time in Britain, he is  
masquerading as an  
innkeeper! Murdering the  
guests in their sleep and  
eating their corpses as  
always...

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The cycle continues, I  
have found him, and now I  
have work to do, I will  
rent a room and wait for  
him in my room.

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He recognized me!

I am in a dark place, I  
do not know where,  
daemons around me. This  
is not deceit.

I used my ring, a single  
wish, an heirloom from  
the first age. A single  
wish, held in secret for  
generations of my family.

I had to use it, otherwise  
my dead was certain!

"I wish for a doorway to  
escape this place!"

Poorly worded, my wish is  
wasted. I am chained to  
this wall, and cannot walk  
through this doorway, I  
can only look, longinly,  
waiting for my death.

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The Ravenous Host is in  
Britannia, he will devour  
us all if he is allowed.

Kill his shell, and find his  
soul at the Brazier.

The words are: "Astra  
inclinant, sed non  
obligant."

This is my end.

Goodbye.